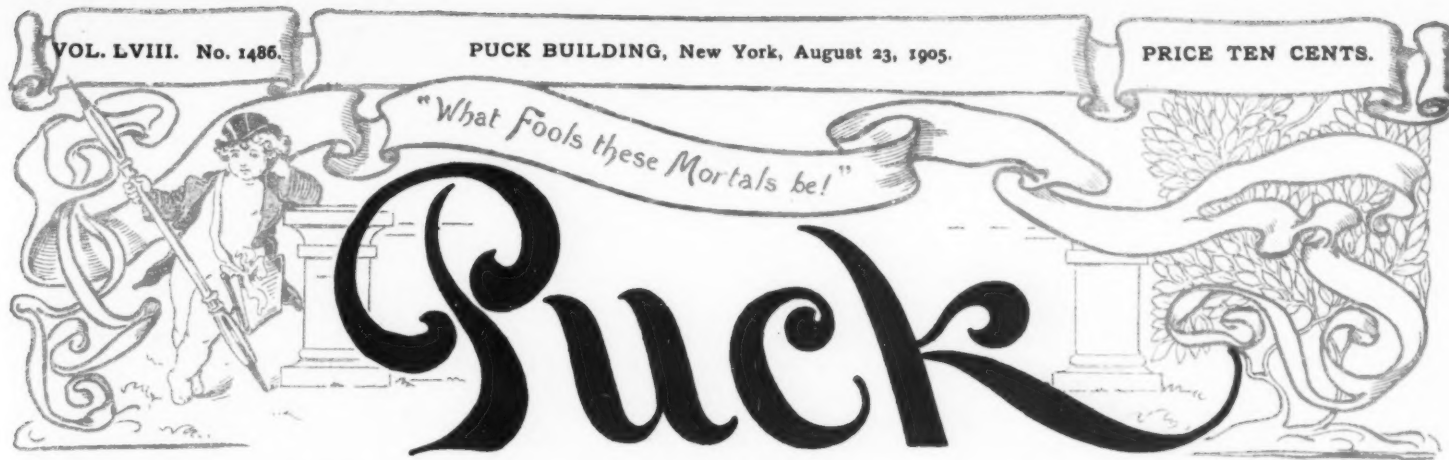


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THE DREADED GUEST.

"LET ME SEE! WHOM SHALL I CALL ON NEXT?"



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

BEFORE NIKOLA TESLA proceeds to "throw the earth out of its orbit" he would better speak to Mr. Rockefeller about it. John D. may prefer to keep his property as it is, and one orbit is as good as another.

MAYOR BELCHER of Paterson is said to be on his way to China. If China will extend its boycott so as to exclude American mayors, Paterson will not object.

IT WOULD be a pleasing and appropriate compliment if the inhabitants of Leopardstown, where Croker is building a residence, should change forthwith the name of their baliwick to Tigerstown.

CORRECT PRINCIPLES, correct policies, correct methods, always have brought and always will and always must bring favorable results.—*Secretary Shaw.*

A healthy, growing deficit, for example.

JEROME'S REMARK that, compared with some of their successors in Bossism, Tom Platt and Dave Hill were models of political propriety, may suggest to a mind or two that perhaps Bill Tweed himself was only a bungling amateur.

ASTRONOMER LOWELL has succeeded in photographing the greater canals of Mars. How many years were required to build them, and how much graft and red tape was involved, we may learn when communication with the red planet is established.

M. WITTE, 't is said, consumes forty cigarettes daily, and the other peace envoys no doubt burn a respectable number. Vanished is the day—

"When passed the sacred calumet
From lip to lip with fire-
draught wet."

The modern pipe of peace is a paper pipe, devoid of romance. Who's got a match?

"It is probable," says a neighbor, apropos of the extra session, "that the President's ideas about tariff conditions will receive attention." The amount of attention which said ideas will receive, however, will depend very largely upon what those ideas are. To certain ideas upon the Tariff, Congressional attention minutely resembles a snub.

A PITTSBURG GENIUS has invented a machine that turns out forty pies a minute. But not the kind that m—r u—d to m—e.

WE ARE willing to believe Willis Moore's statement that there is no graft in the weather department. Gambling on advance weather tips would be hazardous business. A safer play is to copper the official forecasts.

I SHALL earnestly study and assist in the unselfish exploitation of the Philippines under President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft.—*Bourke Cochran.*

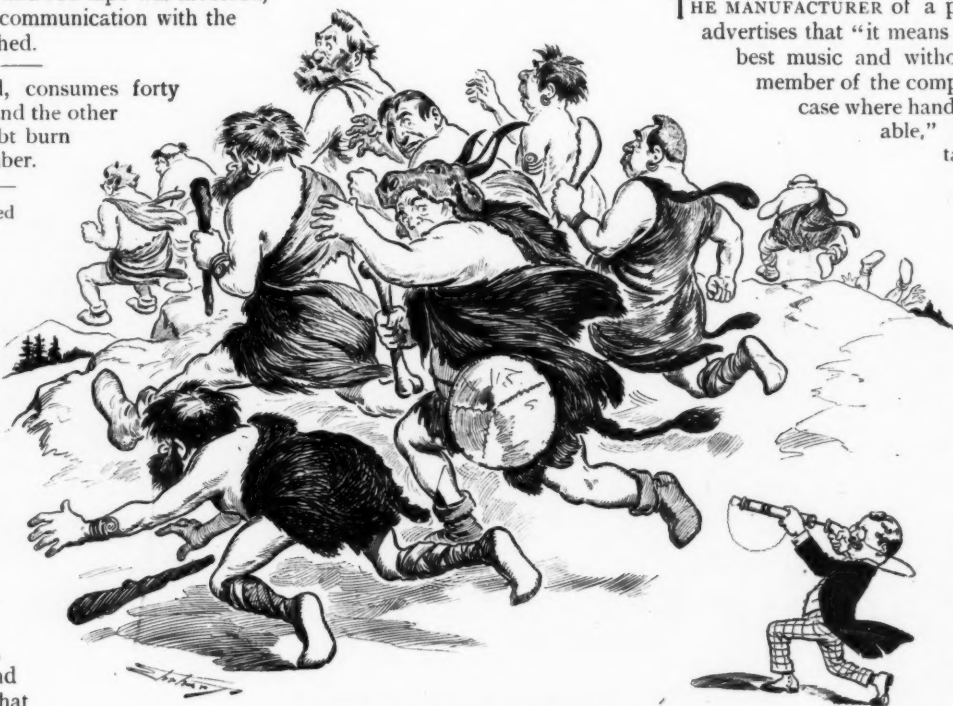
The sounds which you hear are the heartfelt relief sighs of the President and Mr. Taft, both of whom now realize that the crisis is past and all ahead is plain sailing.

THE BRAZILIAN Government has planned to add to its navy three battleships, three armored cruisers, torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers and three Holland submarine boats. It is possibly Brazil's intention to seek prosperity via the deficit route.

BEARING IN mind President McKinley's last address, the Merchants' Association is to urge upon the Senate the importance of the ratification of the pending reciprocity treaties. If the Merchants' Association is n't careful, it will be courtmartialed for high treason by the Hon. Charles A. Moore.

THE MANUFACTURER of a piano-playing machine advertises that "it means an abundance of the best music and without unduly taxing any member of the company, as is usually the case where hand-playing alone is available." But how about unduly taxing the neighbors? There is always the chance that the hand-player will drop dead.

A FLOATING EXPOSITION of American goods is to make a 6,000-mile tour of the world. How would it do to have a touring exposition of American goods in this country?—on the port side, the goods with the American price upon them, and on the starboard side, the same goods with the rates plainly marked at which Europe, Asia and Africa may purchase them. We commend this plan to the Protective Tariff League for use in its worthy "campaign of education."

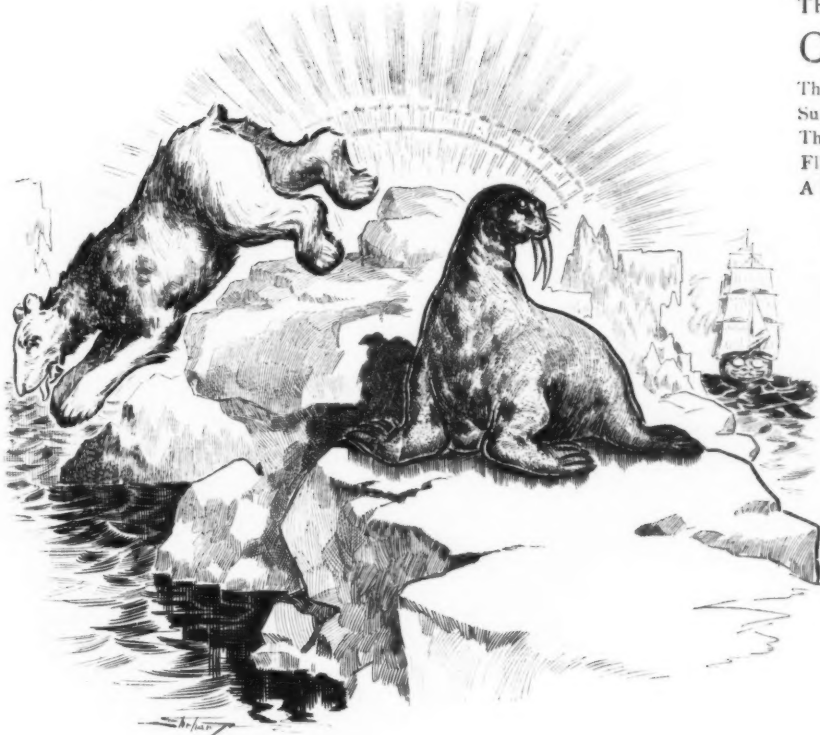


TEDDY IN TRUSTLAND.

"As to the trusts, it has become our conviction that in some cases it is impossible longer to show leniency."

—President Roosevelt to the Chautauquans.

PUCK



SOMETHING IN THAT NAME.

THE WALRUS.—Hooray! Here comes the Roosevelt!
THE POLAR BEAR (*excitedly*).—Roosevelt? Good-bye, Tuskley!
Me for the open sea for a few months vacation!

DAI-NIPPON'S RISEN STAR.

1903.

DOWN a Frisco street flees a pagan Jap,
Encircled, like rat in a torturing trap,
By a ruffian cordon of "civilized" whites.
Turn whither he will, in his
harrowed flights,
With a blow or a kick or a
shoulder-block

They buffet him 'round like a shuttlecock—
The while a helmeted limb o' the law
Betrays his glee in a coarse guffaw.

Fierce imprecations in Nippon tongue
From the lips of the wretched quarry wrung
But add to the zest of the gauntletting;
Nor yet do his pidgin pleadings bring
Aught save derisive taunt and jeer—
No sympathy 's wasted on brown man here,
For a Jap 's a Chink, in the Western view,
And a Chink 's fair game for a hoodlum crew.

1905.

Down a Frisco street struts a Japanese,
Chesty and dapper and quite at ease.
His haughty bearing and scornful eye
Bespeak the pride of the Samurai
And calm contempt for the lowly white.
Disdainfully, as when Norman knight
Viewed humbled Saxon's bended knee,
He swells with a new-found dignity.

In recollection, the wild "Banzai!"
Proclaiming the brown man's right of way
O'er Cossack trench or embattlement
Sounds clear again. He thrills content
With the passing throng's admiring gaze—
Gone is the meekness of other days.
Avaunt! there, you of Aryan clan—
Make way for the mighty Nippon man!

Edmund Stover.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

ONE touch of sunburn makes the whole world skin.
The Summer Girl makes cowards of us all.
The proof of the picnic is in the eating.
Surf bathing levels all ranks.
There's no fool like a summer fool.
Flirting is its own reward.
A hand in the hand is worth two
in the gloves.

A little Summer Girl is a
dangerous thing.
Seaside communications cor-
rupt good manners.
Absence makes the heart go yonder.
Hilarity covers a multitude of sins.
Faint heart never won four ladies.
Money makes the time go.
Take care of the tents and the towns will
take care of themselves.
Two chaperons are better than one.
A man is known by the secrets he keeps.
Nice men tell no tales.
In a multitude of Summer Girls there is
safety.
It's a long head that has no turning.
It's a sea breeze that blows nobody good.

Carolyn Wells.



COTTON ASSETS.

WHITNEY had just invented the cotton gin.
"No," he sighed, "there's more money
in inventing the cotton leak."
Herewith he sadly perceived that he could never be up-to-date.

RIGHT IN LINE.

"THAT 'ere seven-year-old nephew o' mine," said the Old Codger,
"is likely to be noted some day on account of his originality.
Adam and William Tell and Sir Isaac Newton and my beloved little
nephew, just last night, all had adventures with apples, and the
result in his case was as different from that in any of their cases as
theirs were different from each other."



PRECISELY.

GENTLEMAN WITH GRIEVANCE.—This auto breaks down every ten minutes.
CONSCIENTIOUS DEALER.—What of it?
GENTLEMAN WITH GRIEVANCE.—You said there were none better!
CONSCIENTIOUS DEALER.—There ain't!

PUCK

A STOP-OFF AT LIMERICK.



THE TRAIN was winding through an odd-appearing country, even to the eyes of a seasoned vacationist. Trees, houses, cattle and humans wore an aspect unconventional, to say no more. Some of them stood on their heads.

Referring to my guide-book and time-table, I learned I was in Nonsense Land, and drawing nigh to Limerick, the principal town in the valley of the Jingle. The guide-book assured me it would be worth while to stop off at Limerick for an hour or two. Many interesting people sojourned there during the silly season. Gilbert had once honored the town by a brief visit, during which he composed his famous "There was an old man of St. Bees." Edward

Lear, Limerick's favorite son, was buried there—his grave was one of its showplaces. Limerick was also the summer home of that most versatile writer, "Anon," who is credited with many of the best jingles in the limerick anthologies.

I obtained a stop-over privilege from the conductor and debarked. A bus, labeled "Limerick House," stood waiting, and the busman approached with the salutation:

"Fine day! Looks a little like rain.
I see you have come by the train.
If you're stopping with us
Climb into the bus—
You'll hunt for a better in vain."

Not much of a limerick, I thought. It was imperfect in form and lacked spontaneity; doubtless the busman had used it a thousand times before. Besides, it was relevant, and your true limerick is not. Designing to impress these technical points upon the busman, and also to show him what I could do offhand, I replied:

"There was a young Yogi of Gobi,
Whose ears were uncommonly lobey.
'I sit down so much,'
He explained in low Dutch—
That logical Yogi of Gobi."

"Just do that?" asked the busman.
"Right off the reel," said I.

"Pretty good," he approved, and fell to composing another, which fortunately was unfinished when the hotel was reached.

The clerk greeted me briskly, and remarked, as he swung the register around:

"Good morning? How are you to-day?
Fine weather for putting in hay.
Our rate is two plunks—
In advance if no trunks.
Excuse me, but that is our way."

I assured him that it was all one to me whether I paid then or a year from date;

all I wanted was luncheon, anyway; and having settled the score I wandered into the dining-room.

A faded table girl filled my water glass, and recited, in a sad, sing-songy voice:

"Chicken gumbo, roast beef and roast lamb,
Pork sausage, veal cutlets, fried ham,
Mashed potatoes, string beans,
Boiled onions and greens,
Rice pudding and four kinds of jam."

I made a selection from the welter, including one kind of jam, and after luncheon strolled up the hill back of the town to look upon Lear's grave.

The spot was marked by a handsome monolith, on which were chiseled a score or more of the quaint characters Lear had made famous, such as "The Old Man with a Beard," "The Young Person of Crete," "The Young Lady of Lynn," etc. The epitath ran as follows:

*Shed, stranger, a sunshiny tear.
Hic jacet the bones of E. Lear.
His bones were all funny,
His nature was sunny,
His fancy fantastic and queer.*

I wept copiously, and moved down the hill again. On my way I encountered half-a-dozen countrymen, who accosted me in limericks, good and bad—mostly bad, and commonplace to the last degree. Limerickese, it seemed, was the only language spoken by the natives, and I was getting rather tired of it. But to show them that I could turn a verse with the best of them I hailed a home-faring yokel with the following *tour-de-force*:

"There was a Perpetual Palm
That, wearied by ages of calm,
Cried feelingly, 'Wow!
Please kick up a row.
This quietude gives me a qualm.'"

I omit the yokel's reply, which was really not worth while. I continued on my way.

As it was still half an hour to train time I decided to pay my respects to Anon. He lived, I found, at No. 99 Gibberish Avenue, a few doors from Drivel Street, and seizing the knocker, which was ornamented by Lear's head, I made my presence known in the following fashion:

"Rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat!
Rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat!
Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!
Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!
Rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat!"

"Why, how original!" cried a musical voice within, and a pretty young woman with yellow hair threw open the door. Besides the perfume of her presence there came out the bouquet of

ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON.



I.

MR. SLICK.—Just what I said! An empty car! It pays to come down here and get your pick of seats.



II.

MR. SLICK (as the car leaves for the Beach).—Now we'll have a nice, restful ride, my dear.



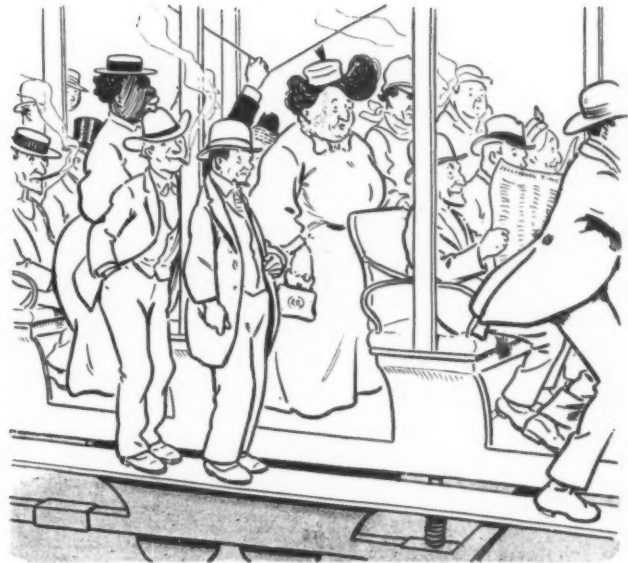
III.

MR. SLICK.—Can't you find a seat anywhere, my man?
MR. HOGAN.—If I kud, don't yez think I'd tek it, ye fule?



IV.

MRS. SLICK. — James, she is standing on my foot!
MR. SLICK. — Madam, you are — — There goes my hat!



V.

JUMBLED CHORUS. — I'm fainting, James — cigarette —
awful — Say, what 's eatin' youse? — Ah 's a lady, Ah is! —
Der ideer! — Ring the bell!

freshly brewed tea. Remarked the Fair
One With the Golden Locks:

"Good morning! So glad you have come!
Do you take tea with lemon or rum?
Or would you prefer
A jigger of myrrh?
That's relished immensely by some."

Unable to repress a poetical inspira-
tion, I replied:

"There was a young man named Ben Hur,
Who never took tea without myrrh.
'But I'd rather,' said he,
'Take myrrh without tea,
For then I should not have to stir.'"

"You wish to see father?" said the
Fair One With the Golden Locks.

I bowed and was conducted to the
library. And a very agreeable old gen-
tleman I found Anon in my ten minutes'
chat with him; and while his daughter
served the tea—with rum and a slice of
lemon—he drew off for me an autograph
copy of his famous jingle—

"There was a young lady of Niger,
Who rode on the back of a tiger.
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile—on the face—of the tiger.

I returned to the station on the Limerick House bus. The busman was
much preoccupied.

"Haven't you finished that jingle yet?" I asked him as we rode along.

"No," said he. "Somehow or other I can't seem to get by the first
line—

"There was a Young Native of Fiji."

"Pshaw!" said I, "that 's easy; the easiest ever! Just listen to this:

"There was a Young Native of Fiji,
Which subscribed for the Tokio Jiji.
But without a good map
He could n't read Jap—
Which piqued the Young Native of Fiji."

"You're a genius!" cried the busman, embracing me with the greatest
enthusiasm.

"Nonsense!" I replied, repulsing him, though secretly pleased. "I do
that right along."

"I wish I could!" the busman sighed; "but I have n't got the knack.
Here's your train."

So I left him, and Limerick. And a quarter-hour later I crossed the
boundary of Nonsense Land.

Bert Leston Taylor.



VI.

MRS. SLICK. — James, I'll never, never, NEVER try
to get a seat again!!

THE PIANO.

IN the days of our ancestors, the nearest
approach to the piano was the spinet.
It attracted little or no attention except
from persons with a taste for music, and
in the hands of most performers it re-
sembled the modern piano about as much
as the gazelle resembles the elephant.

Those, however, were the days of small
things when Refinement and Culture
had n't been brought (forcibly) into every
home, when children were not dragged
by one ear to perch on a revolving stool
and torture the other, when musical
comedy had not yet evolved their familiar
substitute for the rhythmic tom-tom per-
formances of an earlier barbarism, and
when there was no money to be made out
of exploiting the idea that self-respect
and a piano in the parlor are necessarily
synonymous. It never occurred to the
struggling laborer that he owed his daugh-
ter a musical instrument—and even if it
had, the Devil had not yet refined his in-
genuity to the point of inventing an instal-
ment plan by which he could purchase it.

The piano, as we now know it, is a
large box full of fine sounds and strange discords. It is easier to get at the
discords than the fine sounds and ability to distinguish between them is
confined to a small minority. No home
is supposed to be complete without it;
yet in these days of the thin-walled
apartment house many a home has been
wrecked by its proximity. And the curi-
ous thing about it is that on Sunday,
when the world is supposed to rest from
its troubles, you can call in the police to
stop a quiet group of citizens from play-
ing golf in the seclusion of a country
club, but you must grin and bear it if your
next-door neighbor puts in the day dis-
turb the whole vicinity with what he
is pleased to call a musical instrument.

What the world needs is a new medium
of sound expression, musical or other-
wise, that shall be confined within a small
radius and give everyone a "square deal."



POULTRY MAXIM.

"Speaking of proverbs," remarked the
Early Bird, "it's a short worm that has
no turning."

**It is n't a bad world where a man may hug a delusion any time and have
this always as beautiful as he likes.**

PLANTATION SONG.



WAY down yondah in de medder lan' de birds dey am a-singin';
De sun he wahm de soft green grass, whah de clovah bloom am springin';
De medder lark he warble high, de ole hawk swingin' in de sky —
Mah little gal ain't nowhah nigh —
Oh, honey, come;
Ah 'm lonesome.

Ercross de fiel' on de ole worm fence Ah sees de turtle dove,
A-cooin' to his sweetheart and a-tellin' ob his love;
De quail he whirr thu de underbresh; Mistah Rabbit tell his mate to hesh —
Oh, weakness ob dis human flesh! —
Mah honey, come;
Ah 'm lonesome.

De hummin' bees am kissin' all de clovah on de hill;
De little wren a-totin' hay her lovah's nes' to fill;
De flowahs nestlin' in de sun; thu de cohn de breezes run —
Ob dis whole worl's co'tship Ah got none —
Oh, honey, come;
Ah 'm lonesome.

Harris Merton Lyon.

A CARD PACK FABLE.

A PACK OF CARDS dwelt long in Amity until one Day certain Distinctions began to make Themselves Manifest. The Ace, King and Queen determined that what the Pack needed was an Exclusive Circle to give it Tone. Consequently they organized a Set that included all the high Cards down to the Nine Spot. The chief Business of this Set was to look down on the other Cards. Every time the Pack was shuffled, so that a Member of the Set came in contact with one of the lower Cards, there were Sneers and Heart Burnings. The Pack began to work badly, as the Higher Cards, in their endeavor to keep away from the Lower Cards, wrinkled themselves across the Face and turned themselves down at the Edges. The Pack drifted down in the World, until it was thrown out of the Woman's Whist Club, where it had learned its Ideas about Social Distinctions, and was used for Penny Ante at a Bartenders' Social Club. Finally one Day it was taken Home by the Porter of the Club, who gave it to his little Child. The little One picked up the Cards and flung them high in the Air, and they were swept away into Oblivion by the Wind — all save one Card, which fluttered into a Corner of the Garden. The Child picked it up, crying: "Oh, I am going to keep this pretty Card always. It is the nicest One of the Lot."

Now this particular Card was the Two-Spot, and, as it was carried into a Peaceful Retirement, it remarked to itself:

"What matters a Lifetime as the Deuce, so long as I am the High Card at the End?" A. C.



A MEAN BANK.

MRS. BACKBAY.—Why, Emerson, what 's the trouble?

EMERSON.—Oh, Mama! I don't believe I 'll be able to withdraw my funds when Mr. Lawson gives the word!

EARLY LINKS.

NOAH perceived the top of Ararat. "What a beautiful tee!" he exclaimed.

Herewith he anxiously waited to lay out the golf course.

NO SOUNDING.

DAN CUPID has a dozen wiles His unsuspecting foes to keep; Beware the hammock, you may be Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

THE TEST.

KNICKER.—Is he a successful business man?

BOCKER.—I suppose so, he boasts that he is going to be investigated.

UNDISMAYED.

THE Frugal Housewife was not dismayed, however.

"It is true," she said, "that the bird which the butcher has sent up is much too tough to serve for dinner, but I daresay I can trim my new opera hat with it, very effectively."

A PHILOSOPHER.

THERE was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise; he jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes. And when he saw his eyes were out, he philosophically said: "Well, I 've seen everything, anyhow," and sauntered home to bed.

CERTAIN fundamentals of economics are intuitive. Few of us, perhaps, can give a sufficient definition of price, but we all know when we have n't it about us.



JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

HIRAM.—What in tarnation be them queer-lookin' things fer?
SAMANTHA.—I s'pose that 's where them bold hussies run an' hide when they see any one they know a-comin'!

THE COMING ECLIPSE.

Special to Puck.



CAPE PEMMICAN, Labrador, Aug. 23.—This section of Labrador is overrun with Cook tourists and other excursionists, who have come to witness the eclipse of the sun next week. A distinguished bunch which arrived this morning includes Chauncey M. Depew, James Hazen Hyde, Judge Parker, Herbert Bowen, Iz Durham, and other citizens of the United States whose interest in eclipses is personal and acute.

An experience meeting will be held to-night on the beach, and the following programme has been prepared:

- "How it Feels to be Totally Eclipsed".....Judge Parker.
- "The Penumbra of the Vice-Presidency".....Charles Warren Fairbanks.
- "Municipal Ownership".....Mayor Dunne of Chicago.
- "What to Talk About While the Shadow Is On".....Senator Depew.
- "The Cash Surrender Value of an Eclipse".....J. Hazen Hyde.
- "The Sweeping Shadow of Bill Jerome".....Murphy and Odell.
- "Lit'ry Eclipses," by one of last season's popular novelists, same now unknown.

Music will be furnished by a glee club composed of the members of the Brooklyn National League baseball team.

Cablegrams of sympathy have been received from King Oscar and Czar Nicholas, and greetings from Prime Minister Balfour. A lovely time is expected.

TAINTED FINANCE.

A CURATE—somewhat of a Saint—
Sought funds his small chapel to paint,
And with every donation
Went this conversation:
"I hope it ain't tainted?"
"It ain't."

REVISED VERSION.

IT WAS a dark night. The rain came down in torrents. Flashes of lightning at times lighted up the dense atmosphere. Suddenly in front of the inn at the edge of the clearing, a man on horse-back drew up and quickly dismounting, rang the bell. Presently the lights inside moved, and a woman shuffled forward.

"Take my horse," said the man, "and give me food and shelter for the night."

At the same time he flung a huge carpet-bag on the floor in front of him, and the contents jingled.

The woman's sinister face lighted up as she saw the bag, and hastily bidding her guest enter, she called for a man to take his horse. Then showing the stranger and his carpet bag to a room on the floor above with the usual trap door in it, and telling him that tea would be ready in ten minutes, she went to summon her husband.

As soon as the stranger was alone, he hastened to open the carpet-bag. It was filled with gold.

Placing it carefully under the mattress where it could surely be seen, he descended to the floor below.

His supper was waiting for him. The landlord came forward and shook hands cordially.

"Have n't seen you for some time," he said.

"No," replied the stranger. "I've been busy—too busy to eat. What's on hand to-night?"

"Usual thing," grinned the landlord.

Supper was eaten in silence. At the end the guest announced his intention of retiring. He was given a candle that flickered in the dull light, and was just about to move off upstairs when the landlord stopped him.

"Well, my friend," he said, "how will you have it this time? Will you be strangled, hit over the head with a jimmy, or slide down through that trap into a well?"

The stranger paused.

"Can't you give me something new?" he exclaimed. "I'm sick and tired of this sort of thing. Here I've been a dime novel character all my life, and it's getting monotonous. Can't you do some new stunt?"

The landlord grinned gleefully, showing the usual two fangs.

"Sure!" he observed. "We're nothing if not up to date. At three o'clock in the morning you'll slide out on a chute into the middle of the road and be run over by an automobile. After which Maria and I will shake for the ducats."

RURAL PROSPERITY.

"YES," remarked the farmer, after exchanging five hundred dollars for a gold-brick, "if yew don't find that money entirely satisfactory yew kin bring it back any time and git your brick back ag'in!"

IT might be discouraging to see ourselves as others see us, but just think how it would hurt our feelings to hear about ourselves what others hear about us.



OUT OF THE CYCLONE CELLAR.

Ppractice makes perfect nuisances.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE TARIFF

UNCLE JOE CANNON.—Oh, Sir, you would not turn these helpless,



TARIFF TOTS.
these helpless, half-grown babes out into a cruel world, would you?



THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

PERPLEXED MASTER OF TORTURE.—By my racks and screws, but these Twentieth Century victims are a puzzle. They are treated a lot worse than mine ever were, and yet they seem to enjoy it!

BOBBY JONKS ON SUCCESS.



SUCCESS is the art of getting it. It isn't what you want that makes you fat; it is what you get. The successful man occupies the high seat in the band-wagon, but the unsuccessful man comes in on the last load, if at all. We all admire the successful man, but who, oh, who will throw up a single hat for the man whom everybody calls a worthy person—but alas—he has no faculty. When a man loses his faculty it leaves him in as bad shape as an old maid aunt of mine who hid a hundred dollars in her bustle, and then went and lost the bustle.

Some people are born with a faculty, and some ain't. Many a promising little mushroom grows up to be a toadstool. When the successful man was a small boy like you and me he got all he could and kept all he got, and now he wears a white vest every

day and is called "Colonel"; while the boy whose ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch lions with a lasso is now long and thin and is called "Professor." Instead of grabbing it and putting it

out at interest like the other boy, he kept cutting the wool off from the sheep that laid the golden egg until he pumped it dry.

Man is an animal and is composed of land and water—the land being the dust from which we rise and the water being used to stick it together with—also arms and legs, head, stomach, heart and the vowels, together with his dinner or supper, as the case may be, and occasionally a club foot. The bump of success is a little knob just next to your hump of hope, only if you are a married man perchance your hump of hope is dent. Money makes the ego and egotism is the art of being stuck on your-

self and getting your name in the papers. This is all I know about success.

Tom P. Morgan.



IN JUNGLE SOCIETY.

MRS. JACKAL.—Do you think, dear, I'd better invite the Monkeys to my next ball?

MRS. LEOPARD.—Perish the thought! Why, everybody knows they're nothing but climbers.

Cleanly

Our Brewery is as clean as
your kitchen.

We clean every tub, vat,
tank or barrel—every pipe and
pump—every time we use it.
We wash every bottle *four*
times, by machinery.

The very air is filtered.

That is one reason for
purity.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded

Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

The Highest Grade
After-Dinner Liqueur



LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—
Known as Chartreuse

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A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a
glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest
aid to digestion known.

GOLDED ROD.

O, golded rod, I gaze upod—
Ka-choo!—
The yellow that you spread abroad—
Ka-choo!—
A'd barvel at your lavishdness,
With spe'dthrift folly—dothi'g less—
You pile it od, I bust confess—
Ka-choo!

O, golded rod, the poet's sig—
Ka-choo!—
About the glory that you brig—
Ka-choo!—
I'b dot ad expert, I adbit,
Codcerdig gold—I'b stradge to it—
But yours looks buch like cou'terfeit—
Ka-choo!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

MANAGEMENT.

FIRST TRAMP.—You are the first fei-
ler that ever got a square meal from
that woman. How did yer manage?

SECOND TRAMP.—I told her I'd
found ten cents, and asked her to di-
rect me to a free-lunch saloon.—*New
York Weekly.*

NOT NECESSARY.

HE.—Well, at any rate, our women
never have the prefix Honorable to
their names.

SHE.—No; I'm glad to say that
women don't have to! —*Yonkers
Statesman.*

A. D. 1950.

"And what," inquired the visitor as
he pointed ahead, "is that small but
tasteful structure?"

"That," replied the native, "is the
Hall of Fame."

"Oh. And what is the mighty
marble building over there?"

"That? Why, that's our Hall of
Eminent Grafters."—*Cleveland Plain
Dealer.*

A SHORTENED DESCRIPTION.

"Don't you think that Miss Osteer
has a great deal of repose?"

"That woman standing with her
elbow on the piano?" asked Miss
Cayenne.

"Yes."
"That is n't repose. That is plain
pose."—*Washington Star.*

"Musk perfume will drive mos-
quitos away," says a medical writer.
It will also drive a man away. —
Washington Post.

THE OFFICE boy who thinks that he
can make himself popular by whist-
ling all the latest popular tunes to his
employer while he works hasn't tact
enough ever to be appointed ambassa-
dor to England.—*Somerville Journal.*



THE old-fashioned razor with a
forged blade is as undependable
as the weather—good one day,
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The new razor, the GILLETTE SAFETY
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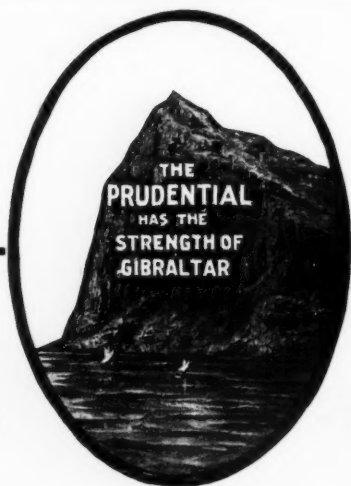
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The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a special personally-conducted tour to visit the Pacific Coast, including the Yellowstone Park, Portland (for the Lewis and Clark Exposition), and the beautiful resorts among the Colorado Rockies. This tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities on the Pennsylvania Railroad Saturday, September 2, by a special train of high-grade Pullman equipment. The itinerary will cover a period of three weeks, the party reaching the East on the homeward journey September 22. The special train will be used by the party over the entire route, except during the five and one-half days in the Yellowstone Park, when the fine hotels now in service in the Great Preserve will be utilized. The train will be side-tracked in Portland for occupancy there, and all meals en route, except in the Yellowstone Park and in Denver, will be served in the special dining car.

Round-trip tickets, covering all necessary expenses for twenty-one days, \$200 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad except Pittsburgh, from which the rate will be \$195.

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CROP REPORTS.

In the speculation shop,
You must know,
The condition of the crop
Causes woe
Unto some, to others joy,
Who with margins daily toy,
While the blackboard grows its
figures in a row.

Thus they watch the prices flop,
Filled with hope,
Guessing who'll come out on top—
From the dope—
Till there comes a sudden freeze-
Out—so-called in marginese.
Do they know enough to quit the
game then? Nope.

—*Indianapolis News.*

A SUSPICIOUS NATIVE.

"Do you think there is anything in theosophy?" said the woman with an inquiring mind.
"Yes," answered the man of sordid instincts. "Judging from the cost of books on the subject I should say there was money in it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WEARY.

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Oldcastle, "I'm so sick of the proletariat!"
"So are me and Josiah," replied her hostess. "We're goin' to give it up and go back to coffee, even if it ain't the best thing for the nerves."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

NOT PARTICULAR.

He.—She believes kissing goes by favor.
SHE.—Oh, yes; and any man who kisses is in favor with her. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

A VICTIM.

"War is truly a terrible thing," said the nervous man with a pallid face.
"But you are not a soldier."
"No. I am a stenographer and typewriter."—*Washington Star.*

If a man smiles and looks pleased when you pay him a compliment, pay him another one. In time you may be able to borrow money from him.—*Somerville Journal.*

DRY AND WET DANGERS.

"There's just two things that break up most happy homes," observed the Pohick philosopher.
"What's them?" inquired the Squedunk ignoramus.
"Woman's love for dry goods an' man's love for wet goods, b'gosh!"—*Belair (Md.) Times.*

A PLANKED CARP.

When fishing, if you catch a German carp, clean it and hang it out in the sun six weeks to dry, then nail it to a pine board and cover it thoroughly with salt or mud. Let it stand for two months longer and then bake it two days. Remove the nails, throw the carp over the back fence and eat the board, but never eat the carp.—*Clifton Hill (Mo.) Rustler.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

TOMMY.—Pop, what is the difference between charity and philanthropy?
TOMMY'S POP.—Merely, my son, that philanthropy can afford to hire a press agent.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Brilliant Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

by the Humorous Syndicate

**JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR**

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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The New York "Herald's" Thrilling Story of a Ride on the 18-Hour Flyer.

Few persons have not felt a desire to take a ride on the locomotive of a fast express train, to sit in the cab with the engineer and feel the throbs of the lifelike engine as it rushes over the rails. Such an experience on a mile-a-minute flyer is especially fascinating. It is not given to every one to take such a ride, and this makes the interest the greater and the desire all the more keen.

To tell its readers what a ride on the fastest long-distance train in the world is like, the New York *Herald* recently sent a reporter from New York to Chicago on the locomotive of "The Pennsylvania Special," the eighteen-hour train of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and published his experience in a late issue of that paper. So fascinating is his story, so full of life and so vividly told, it has been reprinted in pamphlet form with the original sketches and photographs reproduced. It is a remarkable recital of the sensations experienced in the locomotive cab, and of the iron nerve and clear vision which guard the fastest and most notable train the world has ever seen.

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THE OLD MAN.

HE.—I am so afraid your father will object.

SHE.—Don't worry. Papa has n't much influence in this family.—*New York Weekly.*

It is hard for a man with a full stomach to understand how anybody can ever steal to avoid starvation.—*Somerville Journal.*



FINANCE.

JUDGE.—I fine you ten dollars!

PRISONER.—All right, Jedge—now if you 'll jest endorse dis note fer me I tink I kin raise de money!

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

THE THRASHERS' DINNER.

How strange to my mind are the scenes of those thrashings,
When old recollection just gets a good holt;
The long dinner table with oodles and lashings
Of eats stacked up high for the thrashers to bolt—
Fried chicken, potatoes, and jelly, and pickles,
And biscuits, with puddings and pies in their train
Which made the great day, when the yield of the sickles
Was garnered, almost drive the women insane.
The big thrashers' dinner and the work it made for 'em
Was surely enough to drive women insane.

—*Indianapolis News.*

THE Russian taxpayer will doubtless find that the payment of an indemnity also corresponds to Gen. Sherman's definition of war.—*Washington Post.*

A PRETTY woman in tears may be more or less attractive to some, but it never pays a homely woman to cry before a man.—*Somerville Journal.*

TOM LAWSON may be a "fakir," as Senator Stone alleges, but there is nothing to show that Tom ever went so far as to invent a "health society" as a cloak for a baking-powder lobby.—*Kansas City Journal.*

MORAL suasion is all right in its way, but there are times when it should be backed up with a shotgun.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IT DOES N'T require as much patience to put a baby to sleep as it does to fish, but the men can't see it that way.—*Atchison Globe.*

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CHAMPAGNE *Imperial* Extra dry

try a bottle. Sick people drink it as an invigorator; well people as a tonic. Quality and purity make it the favorite Champagne.

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HOW TO KNOW.

"PA, when is a man famous?"

"When somebody discovers that he has stolen all his ideas."—*Chic. Record-Herald.*

THERE ARE little Rojestvenskies, just as well as little Togos, but the papers don't seem to find out how smart they are.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Most people would n't have much to say of their neighbors if they only said something good about them.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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Some simple rogue would come along
And corner all the graft.

—Washington Star.

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"May those who are single
Get wives to their mind,
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ENOUGH FOR HIM.

I des can't read my true love—
She tell me ter depart,
But yander is de melon,
En I read de melon heart!

My true love frown en leave me,
But what de use ter pine?
De melon don't deceive me,—
His red, ripe heart is mine!

—Atlanta Constitution.

FROWN AND SMILE.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What is a Prohibitionist?"

"A Prohibitionist is a man who
frowns when other fellows 'smile,' my
son."—Yonkers Statesman.

NOT A GOOD SHOW.

HICKS.—That is the author of the
piece sitting in the box over there.

WICKS.—Hush! You don't want
to be sued for criminal libel, do you?
—Somerville Journal.



IN ESKIMOLAND.

MR. PEMMICAN (*out of breath*).—H-h-h-h-h-has the d-d-d-dog-train for Sealetteville gone yet?
TICKET AGENT.—It does n't leave till a quarter to March.

MR. PEMMICAN.—Just my blooming luck! Ran a hundred and two miles thinking that darn
train was due to leave at half-past February!

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Antidyspeptic A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

THERE are 193 lawyers in New York prisons. Sometimes we are tempted
to think we don't do justice by our lawyers in the easy-going West.—
Kansas City Journal.

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That is highly regarded in Germany,
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It builds nerves instead of exciting them—
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Day laborers use it to recover their strength—
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It is loved by beer drinkers for its flavor and purity.

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funny."—Boston Times.

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Maupassant's the style is Bun-
ner's, and we are well acquainted
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nality.—Detroit Free Press.

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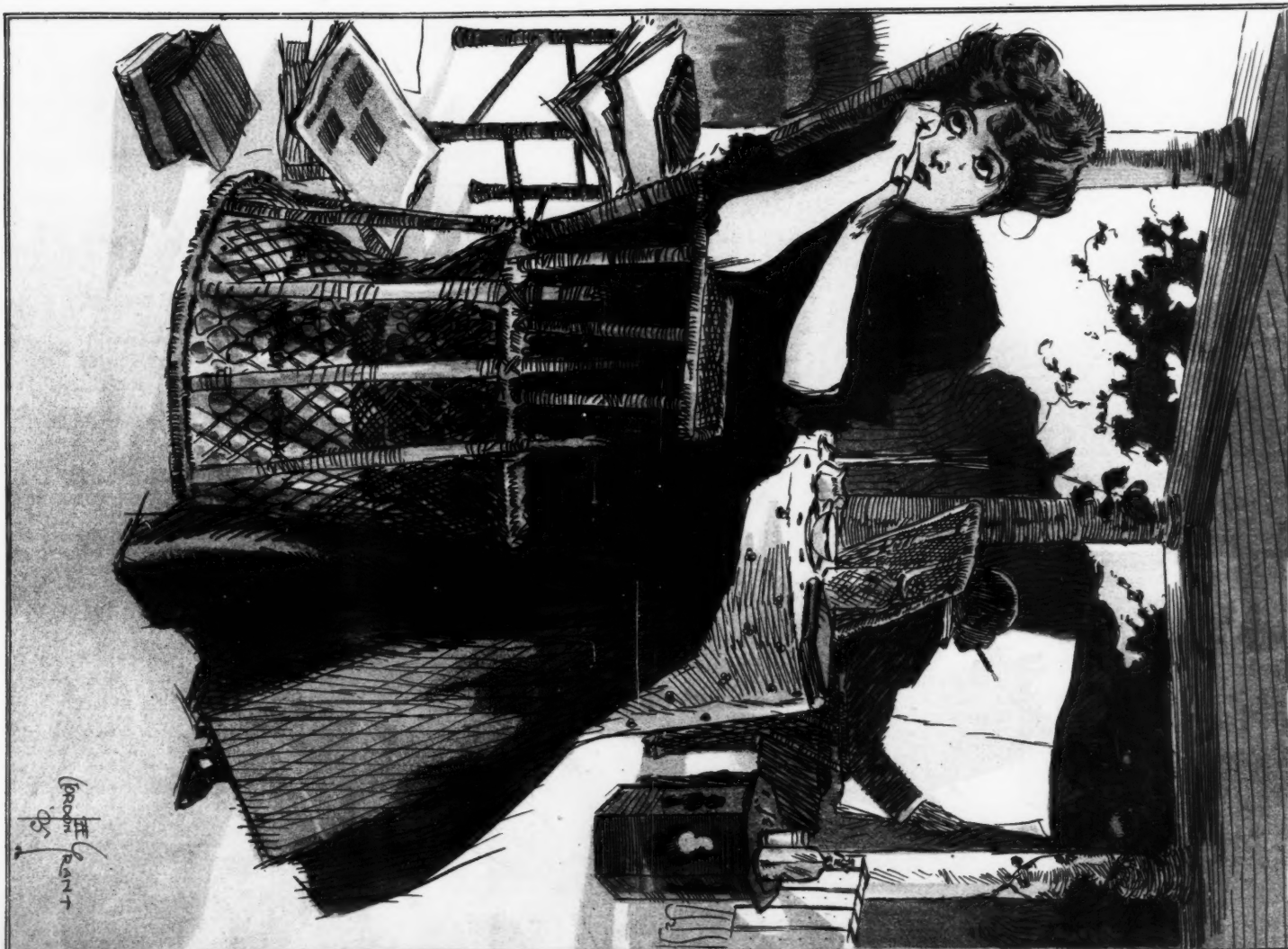
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